Chapter 10

Gods, Drugs, and Ghosts

Finding Dionysus and Apollo in Black Sabbath and the Birth of Heavy Metal

Dennis Knepp

The gods Dionysus and Apollo were there at the birth of heavy metal. They watched Ozzy Osbourne post "OZZY ZIG NEEDS GIG Experienced front man, owns own PA system." Through a Django Reinhardt album, the gods inspired Tony Iommi to keep playing guitar after he lost two fingertips. When Geezer Butler painted his apartment matte black with numerous inverted crosses and pictures of Satan, it was Apollo who frightened Geezer during his sleep. Dionysus taught Bill Ward to smoke banana peels.

Dionysus and Apollo are pre-Christian pagan gods from ancient Greece. Christians turned the old gods into demons and devils—Christians made them evil. But the old gods were not evil; they were before good and evil in the Christian sense. Black Sabbath has been accused of being evil and Satanic since its first album; but it was never evil or Satanic. Black Sabbath draws upon gods that are older than Satan. Black Sabbath is both primal and electronic; their sound was both ancient and new. Heavy metal is popular throughout the world because it issues from a prehistoric source that we all share. Heavy metal has been reinvented by generations of angry teenagers because there have always been angry teenagers. Dionysus and Apollo are two old gods who survived into the modern world to inspire the

Black Sabbath and Philosophy: Mastering Reality, First Edition. Edited by William Irwin.
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development of new art—especially art that is terrifying and awe inspiring and dark and scary and fueled by wine and other intoxicants.

Let's meet those gods. Let's hear their stories. Let's honor their power.

In Praise of Sweet Leaf and COKE-Cola

The German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900) wrote in *Twilight of the Idols: Or, How to Philosophize with the Hammer* that intoxication heightens artistic sensibility and makes art possible. There are many different ways of becoming intoxicated: sex, great cravings, strong emotions, festivals, competition, daredevilry, victory, extreme commotion, cruelty, destruction, spring, drugs, and "the intoxication of an overloaded and swollen will."[1] Drugs are the part of the list most relevant to our story. Drugs may not be safe or legal, but many artists agree with Nietzsche that a narcotic-induced intoxication can heighten sensitivity and make art possible.

From the beginning of Black Sabbath, Ozzy, Tony, Bill, and Geezer used drugs in rock-and-roll-myth-making amounts. Ozzy's autobiography, *I am Ozzy*, starts with this footnote:

> *Other people's memories of the stuff in this book might not be the same as mine. I ain't gonna argue with 'em. Over the past forty years I've been loaded on booze, coke, acid, Quaaludes, glue, cough mixture, heroin, Rohypnol, Klonopin, Vicodin, and too many other heavy-duty substances to list in this footnote. On more than a few occasions I was on all of those at the same time. I'm not the fucking *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, put it that way. What you read here is what dribbled out of the jelly I call my brain when I asked it for my life story. Nothing more, nothing less . . . .[2]

As a teenager working in a car-part manufacturing plant (and so years before forming Black Sabbath), Ozzy would sniff the methylene chloride in "a big fucking degreasing machine" that gave an intoxication "like sniffing glue . . . times a fucking hundred."[3] Each founding member of Black Sabbath brought with them a habit of pursuing intoxication through alcohol and drugs. Ozzy writes that drummer Bill Ward liked to drink a cider that "was like having a head injury."[4] And about bassist Geezer Butler, Ozzy writes: "When I first

met him he was also smoking a lot of dope. You'd be out with him at a club, say, and he'd start talking about wormholes in the vibration of consciousness, or some other fucking loony shit."[5] Much like the Beatles before them, the young Black Sabbath got an enormous amount of training playing all day at the Star-Club in Hamburg, Germany. About the experience, Ozzy writes: "It was a lot of fun, but it was fucking grueling, man. Every day we'd start at noon and end at two in the morning. You'd do speed, pills, dope, beer—anything you could lay your hands on—just to stay awake."[6]

Guitarist Tony Iommi is the unofficial leader of Black Sabbath and the sole continuous member. In his autobiography, *Iron Man: My Journey Through Heaven and Hell with Black Sabbath*, Tony writes about those early days in Hamburg: "We were smoking dope there a lot and I was pretty pie-eyed." He also explains Bill's method of preparing banana peels for smoking: "He used to eat the banana, scrape all the residue off the skin, put it on to a piece of tin foil, put that in the oven, cook it and then smoke it. He claimed it got him high, thought it was great and was really proud of it."[7] Concerning their second album, *Paranoid*, Tony writes: "We smoked a lot of dope, so that might be why some of the lyrics are a bit unusual."[8] Tony writes that during the recording of the third album, *Master of Reality*, Ozzy brought him "a bloody big joint" and "I coughed my head off, they taped that and we used it on the beginning of 'Sweet Leaf'. How appropriate: coughing your way into a song about marijuana . . . and the finest vocal performance of my entire career!"[9] Tony especially enjoyed recording *Vol. 4* and writes: "That whole period was one of the most enjoyable times ever, and a song like 'Snowblind' makes it clear that it was also because of a certain drug. That's why we wrote on the album sleeve 'We wish to thank the great COKE-Cola Company'."[10]

The band tended to avoid more solitary and dangerous drugs like heroin, which they warn against in "Hand of Doom." In his autobiography, Ozzy writes "when heroin gets hold of you, it's usually The End."[11] And despite Sabbath's love of cocaine, "Snowblind" clearly depicts an addict in denial. On the downsides of cocaine use, Ozzy notes that it makes everything you say seem "like the most fabulous thing you've ever heard in your life,"[12] but then you try to say fabulous things for "fifteen hours straight"[13] until the epiglottis hanging in your throat "is the size of a small light bulb"[14] and your

heart is beating at "eight times its usual speed"[15] and it "twists your whole idea of reality" and "you start seeing things that aren't there" and then Tony walks off stage at the Hollywood Bowl and collapses "after doing coke literally for days."[16]

The Birth of Tragedy and the Birth of Heavy Metal

In 1872 (when he was at that dangerous age of twenty-seven[17]), Nietzsche published his first book: *The Birth of Tragedy*.[18] People hated it. Scholars liked to think of the ancient Athenians as cultured and refined people who were decent and mannered while they created reverent plays for the stage. But Nietzsche argued that those plays had their origins in men drinking wine together and singing songs. The very idea that the theater could come from groups of drunken singers seemed preposterous to the stuffy German professors of 1872. But I think Nietzsche was right. The famous playwrights Aeschylus (525–456 BCE) and Sophocles (496–406 BCE) did something new by having actors who stepped out of the chorus and gave lines of dialogue. Actors were an innovation because the older form of theater was to simply have a chorus—which is a group of men singing and dancing in unison. In their plays, Aeschylus and Sophocles still included a chorus that sings and interacts with the actors on the stage. The chorus came first. Men singing together. Alcohol must have been involved because the ancient Athenian playwrights were competing for awards during the Dionysian Festival, and Dionysus is the ancient Greek god of intoxication.

Nietzsche argues in *The Birth of Tragedy* that a synthesis of the drinking together, the celebration of Dionysus, the influence of the visual plastic arts (painting and sculpture), and the terrifying images of Apollo made possible the wonderful ancient Athenian creation of tragic theater. Contemporary theorist Camille Paglia extends Nietzsche's thesis beyond the Greeks in her book *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*.[19] Paglia argues that a synthesis of Dionysus and Apollo can also be found in Shakespeare, Blake, Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and others. In her *Sex, Art, and American Culture*, Paglia writes about Dionysus and Apollo in Hollywood movies, rock music, and drag queens.[20] Personally, I think that Dionysus and Apollo were there with Black Sabbath at the birth of heavy metal.

Listening to a heavy metal album or attending a heavy metal concert or thrashing in a mosh pit or playing in a heavy metal band is participating in a modern, electronic Dionysian festival. Heavy metal is horrific: Black Sabbath lyrics deal with death, fear, magic, and more—yet this is what we love about the songs. Heavy metal is loud: it is easy to lose yourself in the sheer volume. And heavy metal is about bands: groups of people working together toward a common goal of pleasure. These are the characteristics of Dionysus and Apollo. So now let's meet Dionysus. Later we'll visit Apollo.

Goat Songs and Clowns

The word "tragedy" means "goat song"—a reference to the cloven goat feet of Dionysus and the satyrs. Nietzsche writes that the ancient theater offered many opportunities for losing oneself. The artist loses himself in the characters as he writes the play. The actors lose themselves in the characters as they perform the play. And the audience lose themselves in the characters as they watch the play. As we watch with pity and fear for the characters on the stage, we the audience feel that we are not alone in the horrors of existence that we experience. Make no mistake about it, the Athenian plays were horrific. Queen Clytemnestra kills her husband Agamemnon on his first day home from the Trojan War; Medea drowns her own children; Oedipus gouges out his own eyes after seeing his mother/wife hang herself. And yet, paradoxically, through these artistic representations of the worst horrors of existence, we enjoy life. We experience a catharsis, a purging of fear and pity.[21]

Dionysus is famously the god of wine, but he is more than that because wine entails so much. The god of wine is the god of cultivating the grape vine—watching it die each fall and be reborn each spring. For a distant pleasure, grape cultivation requires labor and extended cooperation among people. And the pleasure of wine includes singing, dancing, throwing some meat on the fire, and having a party. Drunken parties can lead to all sorts of things . . . Wine can create a group party, group singing, group sex,[22] group hangovers, and group madness. An intoxicated person, through Dionysus, can belong to a group and lose the troubling self. Loneliness can be painful. An individual sometimes feels so lonely that he thinks no one understands him. But Dionysus is

the god of losing your individuality in a reveling party where everyone understands because they've been drinking it too.

The members of Black Sabbath know about the pain of isolation and loneliness because everyone knows about the pain of isolation and loneliness. But you don't have to be alone. There really are others like you. They put it best in "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath": "They just tell you that you're on your own / Fill your head all full of lies." The lie is that you have to be on your own. The lie of the "self-made man." The lie of the rugged individual. It's not true. You don't have to be on your own. There is always a community to join. I joined the heavy metal community as a teenager and smoked my first joint at an Ozzy Osbourne concert in 1986. (I was part of a small community of metal snobs who were there to see the opening band: Metallica on their *Master of Puppets* tour with Cliff Burton in bellbottoms still playing the bass. And I really did feel good being a member of a community who got this music while the mainstream didn't. It felt so cool.)

Black Sabbath has worked through enormous setbacks: guitarist amputates fingertips, bass player on LSD, drummer on fire, lead singer misses show because passed out in the wrong hotel room on cold medicine and who knows what else. This would have killed lesser bands and mere mortals, but the members of Black Sabbath have survived and thrived. Ozzy, Tony, Geezer, and Bill have a bond that is "as close as any heterosexual men can be" as they say in the interview on the DVD *The Last Supper*. And much of this has been fueled by drug use.

Ozzy's drug use is part of his class clown persona. In *I Am Ozzy* he describes being pushed around by bullies as a kid and being beaten by abusive teachers. Clowning became his survival mechanism because the bully wouldn't hit you if they were laughing at you. Ozzy will do anything for a laugh; he's been conditioned to clown around to be accepted. In competition with rival clowns, this becomes daredevilry—what Ozzy calls "trying to out-crazy one another." Ozzy had daredevil clown rivalries with John Bonham (drummer for Led Zeppelin)[23] and the entire band of Mötley Crüe (during the *Bark at the Moon* tour). Who can drink the most? Who can smoke the most? Who loves to snort so much that they would snort ants?[24] Ozzy brings his clown persona to the stage—he knows how to work an audience into a frenzy, and if all else fails he'll show his ass. The audience participates, gets involved, frequently while intoxicated. At

a Sabbath concert you are part of a group of like minded crazy metal heads who love things turned up to 11. Ozzy, Tony, Geezer, and Bill found an extended family in Black Sabbath. Many people find a tribe in rock bands. To a lesser extent the fans can participate by being a member of a tribe. We can be part of the heavy metal community. The experience can be a communal experience and can overcome loneliness and existential despair.

A Satanic Interlude

Nietzsche writes about the importance of the Satyr chorus in ancient Athenian tragedies. Satyrs are wild goat men who walk with goat legs and cloven feet and sport goat horns on their grinning heads. Satyrs are horny and love to chase nymphs and even goats. Satyrs are the companions of Dionysus. Nietzsche writes that we can identify with the Satyrs (who are certainly more like us than those distant gods!), and in turn the Satyrs provide justification for our life.[25] We enjoy drinking and getting horny just like the Satyrs do. However, through Christianity, these goat men became the model for Satan with his cloven hooves, tail, and horns. When we look at heavy metal iconography, we need to look past the Christian view of those satanic images and see the Satyrs from the days long before Christianity.

If Nietzsche Had Been a Black Sabbath Fan

No one writes like Nietzsche. An essay about Nietzsche tames him, cleans him up, trims his moustache, and makes him presentable. But Nietzsche's writing is wild, and reading him is a rush. Here is my attempt at recreating that rush. If Nietzsche had been a Black Sabbath fan he would have written:

1

He who fights with the Wizard must see to it that he himself not become a Wizard. And when you gaze long into the Wicked World, the Wicked World stares back at you.[26]

2

Have you not read of the *Diary of a Madman*? He ran into the streets during the daylight hours crying, "Iron Man is dead, and we have killed him—you and I. All of us are his murderers. But how did we do it? How did we kill Iron Man? Who could clean our hands of his murder? Must we ourselves become Iron Men to be worthy of such a deed?"[27]

3

From the Ozzy school of life.—That which gets me higher makes me stronger.[28]

4

What? Was Dio Black Sabbath's mistake? Or was Black Sabbath Dio's mistake?[29]

5

How little it takes to make us happy … the sound of a power chord! Without heavy metal, life would be unbearable. I can even imagine that God sings along to Black Sabbath.[30]

6

Formula for my happiness: a riff, a base line, drums, and *evil lyrics* . . .[31]

7

Whatever is heard on *Sabbath Bloody Sabbath* always occurs beyond good and evil.[32]

8

Metal bands are rarely just individuals—but in groups, parties, nations, and ages they totally rule.[33]

9

A man with a guitar is unbearable if he does not also have at least two other things: killer riffs and *Marshall* amps.[34]

10

The metal head.—He is a metal head; that means, he knows how to make things louder than they are.[35]

11

The heaviest metal.—What good is heavy metal that does not even carry us beyond all heavy metal?[36]

What Is This That Stands Before Me?

There's more … There's Apollo—a totally different god. Nietzsche writes in *The Birth of Tragedy* that Apollo originally inspired the plastic artist who sculpts or paints images from dreams and visions.

Apollo is famously the ancient Greek god of the sun, but he is also the god of dreams and visions. Apollo is a frightening god, for he is the god of pestilence, archery (death from a distance!), the burning Sun, and of individual madness: of epileptics, of blind soothsayers, of cursed prophetesses. The opening line of "Black Sabbath" is straight-up Apollo: "What is this that stands before me? / Figure in black which points at me." Terrified, Ozzy screams for God's help while Tony Iommi plays the frightening *diabolus in musica*: dum – DUM – dumumumumumumumum .... Apollo terrified the ancient Greeks. Apollo is strange, for he is depicted as a slender but muscular man whose beardless face can seem boyish. But this young god terrified people. His Priestess (the "Pythian") at the famous Oracle of Delphi would inhale noxious fumes, enter a strange hypnotic trance, and speak terrifying prophecies as the voice of Apollo. I know of no ancient Greek author who wrote about their love of Apollo. They write of his terrors. In Homer's *Iliad*, Apollo fights for the Trojans against the Greeks. I feel Apollo's ancient terror in metal with its images of inverted crosses, devil babies, and the Prince of Darkness.

Tony Iommi has often remarked that he believes there is a fifth member of the band—a phantom presence. Tony's *Iron Man: My Journey through Heaven and Hell with Black Sabbath* has many stories of ghosts, dream images, and angels. Here are some of them:

- A teenage Tony flips his MGB sports car (a convertible with no roll bars!). "It sounds mad, but I saw three figures come down, one to the left and two to the right, like angels. And I thought, this is it."[37]
- Tony was in the band Mythology with Bill Ward prior to Black Sabbath. One night they counted heads for ordering fish and chips. They counted one too many because they included the ghost of a young boy who had a "bad death" many years ago in that flat.[38]
- Each member of Black Sabbath once dreamed the same dream of wearing crosses to protect them from evil, and then they started doing so.[39]
- While living in a 200-room mansion, Tony sees a ghost walk up the stairs and a poltergeist steals his keys, knocks some paintings, and opens his briefcase.[40]
- Still in the same mansion, Tony reads Lobsang Rampa and begins experimenting with astral projection.[41]

- The band rented Clearwell Castle for inspiration for their fifth album. Tony and Geezer see a black figure headed towards the armory. This leads to ghost stories and pranks. The owner of the castle claims that a maid mourning her dead baby haunts it. Tony writes "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath" on their first day of work in Clearwell Castle.[42]

What does this mean? Tony Iommi tells many stories of phantoms, ghosts, angels, and visions. They are always apparitions of people. He never sees octopus-headed Cthulu-style creatures. Iommi has visions of people who are either covered in black clothing or young and beautiful. They are like Apollo who is always depicted as a beautiful beardless youth.

Geezer Butler has the most famous Black Sabbath apparition story. Apparently Geezer painted his whole bedroom black with inverted crosses, and Ozzy lent him an old book about the occult. That night Geezer saw a figure in black standing before his bed. When he awoke, the old book was gone. Ozzy sings about Geezer's experience in Black Sabbath's "Black Sabbath" on *Black Sabbath*. Right at the heart of the origin of heavy metal is a horror story about a nighttime bedroom visitor—the figure in black—Geezer's apparition from Ozzy's occult book—Apollo—the awesome, fearsome, frightening, terrifying son of Zeus.

Nietzsche argued that a synthesis of the group drinking, singing of Dionysus, and terrifying images of Apollo made the ancient Athenian tragedies possible. I think we can also find the gods in Black Sabbath and the origin of heavy metal. Black Sabbath was a group of men drinking and smoking and snorting and playing loud music together with frightening lyrics of visions and nightmares and madness. Enough said.

Warning: Not for Mere Mortals

This is dangerous stuff. This stuff can kill you, or worse. In "Fairies Wear Boots," Ozzy sings, "So I went to the doctor, see what he could give me / He said son, son, you've gone too far / 'Cause smokin' and trippin' is all that you do.'" Listen to Bill Ward discuss addiction in the 1999 DVD *The Last Supper*. That's frightening. Or just listen to

Ozzy speak. That's what this stuff will do to you. Ozzy's survival might just be due to his genetics. In *Trust Me, I'm Dr. Ozzy: Advice from Rock's Ultimate Survivor* he discusses the recent mapping of his genome. A group of scientists told him: "you've said it yourself: you're a *medical miracle*. You went on a drink and drugs bender for 40 years. You broke your neck on a quad bike. You died twice in a chemically induced coma. You walked away from your tour bus without a scratch after it was hit by a plane. Your immune system was so compromised by your lifestyle, you got a positive HIV test for 24 hours, until they proved it was wrong. And yet here you are, alive and well and living in Buckinghamshire."[43] Even Tony Iommi remarks that Ozzy always had the unhealthiest lifestyle of anyone in Black Sabbath and yet he always seemed to be the healthiest.[44] Ozzy isn't a normal person. If you don't have Ozzy's genetic makeup, then you probably couldn't survive his life. Don't try.[45]

Notes

1. "*Towards a psychology of the artist*.—For there to be art, for there to be any aesthetic activity and observation, one physiological prerequisite is indispensable: *intoxication*. Intoxication must already have heightened the sensitivity of the whole machine: otherwise, no art will be forthcoming. All kinds of intoxication, as different as their causes may be, have this power: above all, the intoxication of sexual excitement, that oldest most primordial form of intoxication. Likewise the intoxication that follows all great cravings, all strong emotions; the intoxication of the festival, of the competition, of daredevilry, of victory, of every extreme commotion; the intoxication of cruelty; the intoxication of destruction; intoxication due to certain meteorological influences, such as the intoxication of spring; or under the influence of narcotics; finally, the intoxication of the will, the intoxication of an overloaded and swollen will.—

   What is essential in intoxication is the feeling of increased strength and fullness. This feeling leads us to donate to things, to *make* them take from us, to force ourselves on them—this process is called *idealizing*. Let's get rid of a prejudice at this point: idealizing does *not* consist, as is commonly thought, in taking away or subtracting what is small and incidental. Instead, what is decisive is an immense drive to *bring out* the principal traits, so that the others disappear in the process," Friedrich Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols: Or, How to Philosophize with the Hammer*, trans. Richard Polt (Indianapolis: Hackett, 1997), 55, § 8.

2. Ozzy Osbourne with Chris Ayres, *I Am Ozzy* (New York: Grand Central, 2009).
3. Ibid., 26.
4. Ibid., 77.
5. Ibid., 50.
6. Ibid., 86.
7. Tony Iommi with T.J. Lammers, *Iron Man: My Journey Through Heaven and Hell with Black Sabbath* (Cambridge, MA: Da Capo Press, 2011), 57–59.
8. Ibid., 73.
9. Ibid., 95.
10. Ibid., 113.
11. *I Am Ozzy*, 139.
12. "It would be almost impossible to exaggerate how much coke we did in that house. We'd discovered that when you take coke, every thought you have, every word you say, every suggestion you make seems like the most fabulous thing you've ever heard in your life," *I Am Ozzy*, 130.
13. "The constant fear of getting busted wasn't the only downside to coke. It got to the point where practically every word out of my mouth was coked-up bollocks. For fifteen hours straight, I'd tell the lads how much I loved them more than anything else in the world. Even me and Tony—who *never* had conversations—would have nights when we'd be up for hours, hugging each other and saying, 'No, really, I love you man—I *really* love you'," *I Am Ozzy*, 138.
14. A doctor on Sunset Boulevard looked down Ozzy's throat and said: "Mr. Osbourne, your epiglottis is the size of a small light bulb, and it's glowing almost as brightly. I don't even need to use my flashlight," *I Am Ozzy*, 140.
15. "Then I'd go to bed, wait for my heart to stop beating at eight times its usual speed, then fall into this fucking horrific withdrawal," *I Am Ozzy*, 139.
16. "Even Tony burned out. Just after we'd finished the album (*Vol. 4*), we did a gig at the Hollywood Bowl. Tony had been doing coke literally for days—we all had, but Tony had gone over the edge. I mean, that stuff just twists your whole idea of reality. You start seeing things that aren't there. And Tony was *gone*. Near the end of the gig he walked off the stage and collapsed," *I Am Ozzy*, 139.
17. Twenty-seven is a dangerous age for drug and alcohol abuse. The members of the 27 club are famous musicians who died at 27, mostly from heroin or alcohol abuse: Robert Johnson (look him up!), Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Kurt Cobain, and recently Amy Winehouse, who sang: "They tried to make me go to rehab, but I said NO, NO, NO!"

18. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy and The Case of Wagner*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1967), "Translator's Introduction," 4.
19. Camille Paglia, *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickenson* (New York: Vintage, 1991).
20. Camille Paglia, *Sex, Art, and American Culture* (New York: Vintage, 1992).
21. For more on catharsis see my "Why We Enjoy Reading about Men Who Hate Women: Aristotle's Cathartic Appeal," in Eric Bronson, ed., *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo and Philosophy: Everything is Fire* (Hoboken: John Wiley & Sons, 2012), 120–127.
22. Ozzy writes about the scene at the pool in a Holiday Inn during the *Paranoid* tour: "It was like *Caligula* up there: dozens of the most amazing-looking chicks you could ever imagine, all stark naked, and blowjobs and threesomes going on left, right, and center. I lit up a joint, sat down on a recliner between two lesbian chicks, and began to sing 'God Bless America'," *I Am Ozzy*, 120.
23. "After a few nights out with Zeppelin, I worked out that their drummer, John Bonham, was as fucking nuts as I was, so we'd spend most of the time trying to out-crazy each other. That was always the way with me, y'know? I'd try to win people over with my craziness, like I had in the playground at Birchfield Road. But, of course, behind the mask there was a sad old clown most of the time. Bonham was the same, I think. He would just drink himself to fucking bits," *I Am Ozzy*, 147–148.
24. Ozzy will neither confirm nor deny snorting a line of ants during the *Bark at the Moon* tour while he was trying to "out crazy" the opening band Mötley Crüe: "People tell me stories about that tour and I have no idea if they're true or not. They ask, 'Ozzy, did you really once snort a line of ants off a Popsicle stick?' and I ain't got a fucking clue. It's certainly possible. Every night stuff went up my nose that had no business being there. I was out of it the whole time," *I Am Ozzy*, 262.
25. "In this magic transformation the Dionysian reveler sees himself as a satyr, *and as a satyr, in turn, he sees the god*, which means that in his metamorphosis he beholds another vision outside himself, as the Apollonian complement of his own state," Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*, 64, § 8.
26. "Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And when you look long into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you," Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1989), 89, § 146.

27. Nietzsche's original includes his famous "God is dead" statement. It is too long to quote fully here, but starts as: "*The madman*.—Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the marketplace and cried incessantly: 'I seek God! I seek God!'," Nietzsche, *The Gay Science: With a Prelude in Rhymes and an Appendix of Songs*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1974), 181, § 125.
28. "*From life's military school*.—What doesn't kill me makes me stronger," Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, 6, § 8.
29. "What? Is humanity just God's mistake? Or God just a mistake of humanity?—," Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, 6, § 7.
30. "How little it takes to make us happy! The sound of a bagpipe.—Without music, life would be an error. The German even imagines God as singing songs," Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, 10, § 33.
31. "Formula for my happiness: a yes, a no, a straight line, a *goal* . . .," Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols*, 11, § 44.
32. "Whatever is done from love always occurs beyond good and evil," Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, 90, § 153.
33. "Madness is rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, nations, and ages it is the rule," Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, 90, § 156.
34. "A man with spirit is unbearable if he does not also have at least two other things: gratitude and cleanliness," Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, 80, § 74.
35. "*The thinker*.—He is a thinker; that means, he knows how to make things simpler than they are," Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, 205, § 189.
36. "*Books*.—What good is a book that does not even carry us beyond all books?," Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, 215, § 248.
37. *Iron Man*, 33.
38. Ibid., 36.
39. Ibid., 81.
40. Ibid., 120–121.
41. Ibid., 121.
42. Ibid., 130–132.
43. Ozzy Osbourne, with Chris Ayres, *Trust Me, I'm Dr. Ozzy: Advice from Rock's Ultimate Survivor* (New York: Grand Central, 2011), 142. Thank you to my sister's wife, Rebecca Bunner, for loaning me a fucking autographed copy of this!
44. *Iron Man*, 103–104.
45. Thank you, Jennifer McCarthy, my lovely wife, for the many helpful suggestions on multiple drafts. Thank you, Bill Irwin, for this opportunity and the encouragement. Thank you, all the metalheads I've known, especially Mike Knepp and Chris Magerkurth. Check out www.mapofmetal.com to see this incredible world Black Sabbath spawned.